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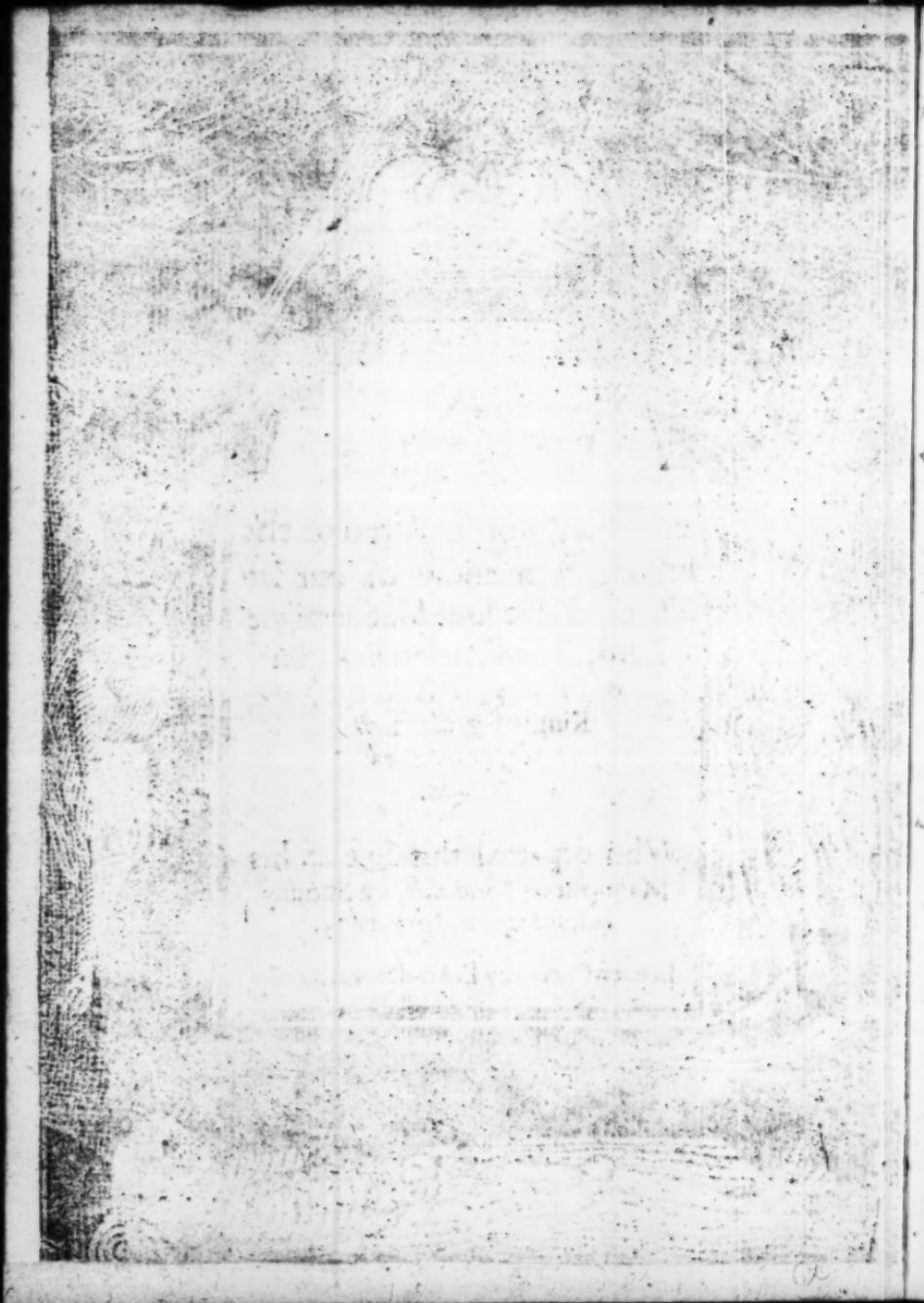
Liuing Sadnes,

In Duty consecrated to the
Immortall memory of our late
Deceased albe-loued Soueraigne
Lord, The Peereles Paragon
of Princes, I A M E S,
King of great Brit:
aine, France and
Ireland.

Who departed this Life at his
Mannour of Theobalds, on Sunday
last, the 27. of March, 1625.

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TO
THE MOST
HIGH AND PVISSANT
PRINCE, CHARLES
by the Grace of God, the first of
that Name, and second Monarch of
the whole Iland of Great
BRITTAINE:

His vndoubted Royalties being vnted
vnder one and the same his most glorious
Crowne, the Kingdoms of *England*,
Scotland, *France*, and *Ireland*;

Gods Immediate Vice-Gerent ; Supreame head of
all Persons, and Defender of the true, ancient
Christian Faith, in these his Empies and
Dominions.

Most Mighty Monarch
of this mourning Land,
Upon the Knees
of my submissue minde :
I begge Acceptance at your Royall hand,
That my Lamenting Mule may fauour finde.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

My Gracious Master was so good, so kinde,
So iust, so muche beloued neare and farre :
Which generally did Loue, and Duty binde
From all, and from me in particular.
But as your Maiestly vndoubted are
The Heyre vnto his Vertues and his Crowne:
I pray, that whether H E A V E N send Peace or War
You likewise may inherit his Renowne.
And as Death strucke his Earthly Glory downe,
Left you in Maiestie, and mourning Chiese:
Yet through the World apparently 'tis knowne
Your Sorrow is an vniversall Griefe.
Let this recomfort then your Princely heart,
That in this Duty, all men beares a part.

Your Maiesties

most humble

and obedient

Subject and Seruant :

JOHN TAYLOR.



O V Gushing Torrents of my Teare-
drown'd eyes,
Sad Part-ners of my hearts Calami-
ties.
Tempesteous Sighs , like windes in
Prison Pent :

Which (wanting vent) my grieued soule hath Rent,
Deepe wounding Grones (Companions of vntrest)
Thronges from the Bottome of my Care-Craze'd Breast,
You three, Continall fellowes of my mones
(My Brinish Teares, Sad sighes, & Pondrous Grones)
I doe entreat you neuer to depart
But be the true Assistants of my heart,
In this Great Sorrow,(that my Trembling Quill
Describes)which, doth our land with mourning fill.
Ah Death ! could nought thy hunger satisfie,
But thou must Glut thy selfe with Maiestie ?
Could nothing thy Insatiiate thirst Restraine,
But Royall Blood of our Dread Soueraigne?
In this thy spight exceeds, beyond all Boundes,
And at one Blow, 3. kingdomes fill'dst with wounds.
When thou that fatal deadly stroake did'st strike,
Then (Death) thou play'd'st the Tyrant-Catolicke.
Our grieses are Rainiers fall, and the Summe
Cast vp, the blow doth wound all Christendome.

But

But wherefore (*Death*) doe I on thee Exclaine?
 Thou cam'st in the Eternall Kings Great name,
 For as, no mortall Power can thee preuent,
 So thou doest never, Come, but thou art sent.
 And now thou cam'st vpon vnwelcome wings,
 To our best King, from the blest King of Kings,
 To Summon him to change his Earthly Throne,
 For an Immortall, and a Heau'ny one.
 (When men vnthankfull, for a good Receau'd,
 'Tis iust that of that good they be bereau'd)
 His Gouvernment, both God and Men did please,
 Except such spirits as might complaine of Ease,
 Repining Passions wearied with much Rest,
 The want to be Molested, might Molest.
 Such men thinke *Peace* a Torment, and no *Trouble*
 Is worse then *Trouble*, though it should come double.
 I speake of such, as with our peace were Cloy'd,
 Though warre I thinke, might well haue bin Imploy'd.
 True Britaines, wish iust warres to Entertaine,
 (I meane no Aide for *Spinola*, or *Spaine*)
 But Time and Troubles would not suffer it,
 Nor Gods Apointment would the same permit.
 He is Inscrutable in all his wayes,
 And at his pleasure humbleth, and will raise,
 For *Patience*, is a vertue he Regardeth,
 And in the End, with victorie Rewardeth.
 But whither hath my Mournefull Muse digest?
 From my beloued Soueraigne Lord deceast:
 who was to vs, and we to him, Eu'n Thus,
 To bad for him, and he, to good for vs.

For

For good men in their Deaths, 'Tis understood
 They leaue the bad, and goe vnto the Good.
 This was the cause, why God did take from hence,
 This most Religious, Learned, Gracious Prince,
 This Parragon of Kings, this Matchlesse Mirror,
 This *Faiths* defending Antichristian Terror,
 This Royall al-beloued King of *Harts*,
 This Patterne, and this Patron of good Arts,
 This cabinet of mercie, *Temperance*,
Prudence, and *Injustice*, that doth man aduance.
 This Magazinc of Pious *Clemencie*,
 This fountaine of true *Liberalitie*,
 This minde, where vertue dayly did increase,
 This Peace-full Seruant to the God of *Peace*.
 This second great *Apollo*, from whose Raies,
 Poore *Poetrie* did winne Immortall *Baies*,
 From whence the sacred *Sisters*, Treble Trine
 Had life and motion, Influence diuine,
 These vertues did adorne his *Diadem*,
 And God, in taking him, hath taken them.
 Of all which *Blessings*, (we must needs confessse)
 We are depriu'd for our vnworthinessse.
 A good man's neuer mist till he be gone,
 And then most vaine and fruitlesse is our mone,
 But as *Heau'ns* fauours, downe to vs descended:
 So if our thankfulnesse had but Ascended,
 Had we made Conscience of our wayes to sinne,
 So soone of him, we not depriu'd had bin.
 Then let vs not lament his losse so much,
 But for our owne vnworthinessse was such.

So from th'vnthankfull *Iewes*, God in his wrath
 Tooke good *Iofias*, by vnlook'd tor death.
 And for our sinnes, our ignorance must know,
 We haue procur'd, and felt this cureles blow.
 And *Christendome*, I feare in losing him,
 Is much dismembred, and hath lost a limme.
 As by the fruite the tree may be exprest,
 His workes declar'd, his learning manifest.
 Wherby his wisedome wan this great renoune,
 That second *Salomon* wore *Brittaines crowne*.
 His pen restrain'd the strong, reliu'd the weake,
 And graciously he could write, doe and speake.
 He had more force and vigour in his wordes,
 Then neigh'bring Princes could haue in their swordes.
Fraunce, Denmark, Poland, Sweden, Germanie,
Spaine, Savoy, Italie, and Musconie,
Bohemia, and the fruitfull Palatine,
The Swiffes, Grisons, and the Veltoline,
 As farre as euer *Sol*, or *Luna* shin'd
 Beyond the *Westernae*, or the *Easterne Inde*.
 His counsell, and his fauours were requir'd,
 Approu'd, Belou'd, Applauded, and Admir'd:
 When round about, the Nations farre and neere,
 With cruell bloodie warres infested were;
 When *Mars* with sword and fire, in furious rage,
 Spoyl'd and consum'd, not sparing Sex or age;
 Whil'st mothers (with great griefe) were childles made,
 And *Sonne* gainst *Sire* oppof'd with trenchant blade:
 When brother against brother, kinne against kinne,
 Through death and danger did destruction winne.

When

When Murthers mercilesse, and beastly Rapes,
 Theft, Famine (Miseries in sundry shapes)
 While Mischiefs thus great Kingdomes ouerwhelme,
 Our prudent Steeresman held great Brittaines Helme,
 Conducting so this mighty *Shippe* of State,
 That strangers enuide, and admir'd thereat.
 When blessed *Peace*, with terrour and affright
 Was in amazed and distraeted flight
 By bloody *Warre*, and in continuall Chase,
 Cours'd like a fearefull Hare, from place to place:
 Not daring any where to shew her Head,
 She (happily) into this Kingdome fled.
 Whom Royall I A M E S did freely entertaine,
 And graciously did keepe Her all his Raigne.
 Whilst other Lands (that for her absence mourne)
 With fighes and teares doe wish her backe returne.
 They finde in loosing *Her*, they lost a blisse,
 A hundred Townes in *France* can witnesse this,
 Where *Warres* compulsion, or else composition
 Did force Obedience, Bondage, or Submission.
 Fields lay vntild, and fruitfull Land lay wast,
 And this was scarcely yet full three yeares past:
 Where these vnciuill ciuill *Warres* destroy'd
 Princes, Lords, Captaines, men of Note employ'd,
 One hundred sixty seauen, in number all,
 And Common people did past number fall.
 These wretches (wearied with these home-bred *Iarres*)
 Loue *Peace*, for being beaten sore with *Warres*.
 Nor doe I here inueigh against just Armes,
 But 'gainst vniust, vnaturall Alarms.

Just Warres are made, to make vniust Warres cease,
 And in this sort Warres are the meanes of Peace.
 In all which turmoyles, Britaine was at rest,
 No thund'ring Cannons did our Peace molest.
 No churlish Drum, no Rapes, no slaughtering wounds ;
 No Trumpets clangor to the Battaille sounds :
 But every Subiect here enjoy'd his owne,
 And did securely Reape what they had Sowne.
 Each man beneath his Fig-tree, and his Vine
 In Peace with plenty did both Suppe and Dine.
 O G.O.D how much thy Goodnesse doth or'eflow,
 Thou haft not dealt with other Nations so !
 And all these blessings which from Heauen did spring,
 Were by our Soueraignes wisdomes managing.
 Gods Steward, both in Office, and in Name,
 And his account was euermore his aime :
 The thought from out his minde did seldom slippe,
 That once he must giue vp his Steward-shippe.
 His Anger written on weake water was,
 His Patience and his Loue were grau'd in Brasse :
 His Fury like a wandring Starre soone gone,
 His Clemency was like a fixed one.
 So that as many lou'd him whilst he liu'd,
 More then so many by his Death are grieu'd.
 The hand of Heaven was ouely his support,
 And blest him in the Nobles of his Court,
 To whom his Bounty was exprest so Royall,
 That he these twenty yeares found none disloyall ;
 But as bright Iewels of his Diadem,
 They faithfully seru'd him, he honour'd them.

And

And as in life, they were on him relying,
 So many of them ushered him in dying.
Richmonds and *Linx Duke*, first led the way,
 Next *Dorsets* spirit forfooke his house of Clay.
 Then *Linx Duke* againe, Duke *Edwicks* Brother
 Was third, and good *Southampton* fourth another.
 Lord *Wriothesly* next, *Southampton*s Noble Sonne,
 The race of his mortality did runne.
 Next dyde olde *Charles*, true honour'd *Nottingham*
 (The Brooche and honour of his House and Name).
 Braue *Belfast* next, his vitall threed was spunne,
 And last the Noble Marquesse *Hambleton*.
 These in the compasse of one yeare went hence,
 And lead the way to their beloued Prince.
 And our deceased *Soueraigne* quickly went,
 To change Earths Pompe, for glory permanent.
 Like *Phaëbus* in his Course h'aroale and ran
 His Raigne in *March* both ended and began.
 And as if he had bin a Star that's fixt
 His Rise and Set were but two dayes betwixt;
 And once in two and twenty yeares 'tis prou'd,
 That the most fixed Startes are something mou'd.
 But in his end, his *Constancy* we finde
 He had no mutable or wauering minde:
 For that Religion which his tongue and pen
 Did still defend with God, maintaine with men:
 That Faith which in his Life he did exprefse,
 He in his Death did constantly professe;
 His Treasure and his Jewels, they were such,
 As I thinkc *Englands* Kings had ne're so much.

And still to men of honour and deserf,
 His Coffers were as open as his heart.
Peace, Patience, Inſtice, Mercie, Pietie;
 These were his Jewels in variety :
 His *Treasure* alwaies was his Subiects Loue,
 Which they ſtill gaue him, as th' effects did proue:
 Which like to Earths contributary ſtreames,
 Payde homage to their Soueraigne Ocean, *Iames* :
 He knew, that Princes *Treasure* to be best,
 Thats layde vp in the loyall Subiects brest ;
 And onely twas the Riches of the minde,
 To which he couetouly was inclinde.
 Thus was he bleſt in Person, bleſt in State,
 Bleſt in his firſt, and in his Latter date :
 Bleſt in his education, bleſt in's learning,
 Bleſt in his Wifedome, Good and Ill discerning,
 Bleſt in his Marriage, and in his royll Race,
 But bleſſed moft of all in Gods high Grace.
 He did his God devoutely ſerue and feare,
 He lou'd him, and his loue he held moft deare:
 He honour'd and obeyde him faithfully;
 He in his fauour liu'd, and fo did dye:
 His duty vnto God he knew the way
 And meanes, to make his Subiects him obey :
 He knew that if he ſeru'd his God, that then
 He ſhould be ſeru'd, and fear'd, and lou'd *of Men* :
 And that if he Gods Statutes did respect,
 That *Men* would feare his Statutes to negle&t.
 Thus his Obedience vpward, did bring downe
 Obedience to his Person, and his Crowne.

He

He did aduaunce the good, supprest the bad,
 Relieu'd the poore, and comforted the sad:
 The widow, and the orphan fatherlesse,
 He often hath suppli'd in their distresse,
 For why, to rich and poore, to great and small,
 He was a common *Father* vnto all.
 His affabilitie and Princely partes,
 Made him a mighty Conquerour of *Hartes*:
 Offenders whom the law of life depriues,
 His *Mercie* pardon'd, and preseru'd their liues,
 To prisoners, and poore captiues miserie,
 He was a Magazine of charitie,
 For losses that by sea, or fire did come,
 He hath bestowed many a liberall summe.
 Besides, for Churches, it most plaine appeares,
 That more hath bin repair'd in twentie yeares
 (In honour of our God, and Sauours name)
 Then in an hundred yeares before he came.
 Our ancient famous *Vniverstytes*,
 Divine, and Humane learnings *Nurseries*:
 Such dewes of Grace, as the Almightyes will,
 Was pleased (through those *Limbecks*) to distill.
 Which (spight of *Romis* rage, or *Sathans* hate)
 Hath cau'd the glorious gospell propogate:
 Our (*light of learning*) *I A M E S*, did still protect them,
 And as a nursing *Father* did affect them.
 Thus was *He*, for our soules, and bodies health,
 Defender of both Church and Common-wealthe.
 For *Ireland*, he hath much reduc'd that nation,
Churches with Land endowed, cau'd much plantation.
Whereby

Whereby *Chuility* is planted there,
 The Kings *Obedience*, and th' *Almigties Feare*.
 These Deedes this-worthiy godly *Prince* hath done,
 For which he hath perpetuall praises wonne.

Ah! what a gracious *Man of God* was this?
Mercy and *Justice* did each oþer kisse ;
His Affiblity whilſt he did liue,
 Did make all *Men* themſelues to him to giue.

Thus liu'd Great I A M B S, and thus Great I A M E S diddye,
And dying thus doth liue Eternally.

With *Honour* he did liue, and *Life* forſooke,
 With *Patience* like a *Lambe* his *Death* he tooke :
 And leauing *Kingly* cares, & *Princely* paine,
 He now inheris an *Immortall Raigne* :
 For royal grieu'd, perplexed *Maiestie*,
 He hath a *Crowne* of *perpetuitie* :
 For miserable *Pompe* that's *transitory*,
 He is aduane'd to euerlaſting glory.

And as he lou'd, and liu'd, and dyde in *Peace*,
 So he in *Peace* did quietly decease :

So let him rest in that most bleſt condition,
 Thats ſubiect to no change or intermiſſion ;
 Whilſt we his *Seruants*, of him thus bereft,
 With grieued and perplexed hearts are left ;
 But *God* in mercy looking on our grieſe,
 Before he gaue the wound, ordain'd reliefe :

Though duteous *Sorrow* bids vs not forget
 This clowde of *Death*, wherein our *Sonne* did ſet,
 His *Sonnes* resplendent *Maiestie* did riſe,
 Loadſtone, and Loadſtarre to our hearts and eyes :

He cheeres our drooping spirits , he frees our feares
 And (like the Sunne) dryes vp our dewie Teares .
 All thosc his seruants that lamenting Grieue
 King Charles his Grace and fauour doth Relieue :
 But as they seru'd his Father , so he will
 Be their most louing Lord and Soueraigne still ,
 As they were first to their Master living (being dead)
 They are releued , and recomforted ,
 Thus Charitie doth in succession runne ,
 A Pious Father leaues a Godly sonne :
 Which souue his Kingly Gouernment shall passe
 His Kingdomes Father , as his Father was .
 For though Great Iames iater'd in earth doth lye
 Great Charles his breast intombes his memorye ,
 And heer's our comforts midst our discontents
 Hee's season'd with his Fathers Documents .
 And as th' Almighty was his sheild and speare ,
 Protecting him from danger every where :
 From most vnnaturall soule Conspiracie ,
 From Powder plots , and hellish Treacherie ,
 Whilst he both liu'd and dyde , belou'd , Renound ,
 And Treason did it selfe , it selfe confound ,
 So I invoke th' Eternall Providence
 To be to Charles a Buckler and defencēe ,
 Supported onely by the Power Divine
 As long as Sunne or Moone or Starres shall shine .

TO

C

(12)

To all that haue Read this Poeme.

I Boast not, but his Maiestie that's dead
Was many times well pleaseid my lines to read :
And every line word, syllable and letter
Were (by his reading) graced and made better,
And howsoever they were good, or ill
His Bounty shewed, he did accept them still;
Hee was so good and gracious vnto me,
That I the vilest wretch on earth should be
If, for his sake, I had not writ this verse
My last poore dutie, to his Royall Hearse,
Two causes made me this sad Poeme write,
The first, my bumble dutie did invite,
The last to shunne that vice which doth include
All other vices, foule ingratitude.

FINIS.

